

## WOMAN'S HERALD

Devoted to the Household, the Fashions and the Activities of Women.

MARY MARSHALL, Editor.

DAILY DEPARTMENT OF THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

Correspondence is invited. Address all communications to the Woman's Herald of The Washington Herald.

TUESDAY, JULY 27, 1915.

## WHAT THE COLONEL SAID.

What do you think of Col. Roosevelt's remark that the song, "I Did Not Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," should have as a companion piece another called "I Didn't Raise My Girl to Be a Mother?" And do you agree with a number of prominent Washington women in thinking that the Colonel went a little too far when he said that "A mother who is not willing to raise her son to be a soldier is not fit to be a citizen?" One woman in commenting on these speeches said that they contained the ideas of the stone age. Others simply excuse the former President on the ground of lack of comprehension and characteristic impatience. And then, of course, there are some who agree with him.

Not the least of the elements that have contributed thus far to Germany's marvelous resisting powers has been the economy and denial at home. While the women of England are clamoring to be of use at the front the loyal women of Germany realize that they can contribute through the exercise of the closest kind of economy to military powers of resistance. And in order to aid the women in the practice of this economy the authorities have established schools in all parts of the country so that even the woman who must support herself and little family on \$2.00 a week can find a way of making both ends meet. It is said that a fireless cooker is to be found in practically every home in the land.

Extremely short skirts? Certainly if you wish, but only with the extremely high boot. The skirt that shows inches of ankle is beyond the pale, says Dame Fashion, when worn with the low pump or slipper. And by the way, did you know that the short skirt gained its place in fashion because the French women who—say what you will—are the arbiters of fashion are no longer able to go about in their own motors and must therefore have a style of skirt that permits of easy walking?

Have you lost an earring? Well, never mind. Save the one that is left and show yourself in the advance guard of fashion by wearing it in your right ear with none in the left ear. But why not wear only one earring? We wear a bracelet on our left arm with none to match it on the right, and we never feel that finger rings go in pairs and the man with the monocle would be laughed at if he wore them in both eyes, wouldn't he, now?

## DAILY FASHION NOTE.



Especially designed for development in twining silk, blazer-striped flannel, chinchilla or goldina, this coat supplies the demand for something novel in sport garments. The convertible collar may be rolled up or buttoned to the throat. Above the belt are medium-sized pockets, but those below are very large. In medium size the model calls for 3 yards 44-inch material with three-quarters yard velvet for belt and cuffs.

Review Country Club Coat No. 6338. Sizes, 32 to 44-inch bust. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6368. Sizes, 32 to 44-inch waist. Price, 15 cents.

Pictorial Review Patterns On Sale at S. KANN, SONS & CO.

## \$30,000,000 HEIRESS'S BRIDESMAIDS



PHOTO BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE.  
CATHERINE BARKER'S WEDDING ATTENDANTS

Left to right—Miss Mary Scott, of Memphis; Miss Elizabeth Goodrich, of Chicago; Miss Mary D. Jones; Miss Helen Wiseman, of Louisville; Miss Loraine Eate, of Montpelier, Vt.

The young women, who will attend Catherine Barker, the young heiress to the fortune of the late John H. Barker, at her marriage to Howard Spaulding, Jr., of Chicago, on July 31, were photographed sitting on the lawn of the bride-to-be's beautiful home at Harbor Point, Mich. Miss Barker is only nineteen and is believed to be the richest girl of her age in the world, her entire fortune being over \$30,000,000. She and young Spaulding, who is the son of a Chicago jeweler and holds a minor position in the office of the great car building plant from which his wife-to-be's money comes, have been sweethearts since she was fourteen.

## FAMOUS WOMAN HER BIRTHDAY AND YOURS

July 27—Charlotte Corday.

Charlotte Corday, who was born July 27, 1768 in Normandy, is one of the most noted, and if such a word may be applied, one of the most heroic assassins of history.

One might suppose that the woman who accomplished the overthrow of the revolutionist Marat was a woman of the people, of low birth and without ambition. But such was not the case for Marie-Anne-Charlotte Corday d'Armand was born of a noble line and counted the dramatist Corneille among her ancestors. She was carefully reared, having received a large share of her education in a convent.

The story of Charlotte Corday's famous crime is well known to every one. At the time that she went to Paris on her fatal mission the usual passport was issued to her. It bore the following description: "Marie Corday, aged 24 years, height, 5 feet 1 inch, hair and eyebrows brown, gray eyes, high forehead, long nose, visage oval. All her movements were very deliberate, though she had taken no one into her confidence. She wrote a letter to Marat, asking for an interview, giving as her excuse that she was in a position to give him valuable political assistance. But Marat was wary and refused to see her. A second time she called only to be turned away and it was not till she had gone the third time that Marat hearing her voice in the antechamber gave the word that let her into his presence. The scene that followed does not need repetition. Marat was in his bath wrapped with towels, part of the treatment for a disease from which he suffered. Charlotte spoke a few words and then, taking a dinner knife from her bodice, thrust it into Marat's side with fatal precision. He expired in a few minutes and Charlotte would have escaped had she not been held back by two women who rushed into the room.

Charlotte probably did not look upon her act as a crime. When the president of the tribunal, after her indictment, asked her what she had to say she replied: "Nothing except that I have succeeded."

## HOROSCOPE.

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

Tuesday, July 27, 1915.

Uranus and Jupiter are adverse today, but Mars is in a place believed to be exceedingly favorable.

National affairs should be more satisfactory than they have been recently, say the astrologers, who predict the rise of a diplomat or statesman who will relieve the President of the United States of many burdens.

The western coast, however, will present problems that will be troublesome. The Orient will contribute anxiety to the internal situation.

This is a time most lucky for engineers, machinists, and all who have constructive talents. Inventors also should benefit from the rule of the planets.

November is read as a serious time with ecclesiastical affairs, especially those of the Roman Catholic church. It will be also a critical month for Prussia.

Heavy shrinkage in United States revenue will increase taxation greatly in 1916.

Africa will come under most detrimental influences early in the year.

There is an indication that music will become a great factor in public movement in the United States. An American composer will win fame by a national anthem or a popular song.

There is an encouraging outlook for the South. Cotton is under a much better away of the stars than formerly.

Women will find new lines of activity in trades and work by the hands, the seers declare. Girls will find new interest in the humbler employments.

Persons whose birthday it is may have an unsettled year, in which there is much change in travel.

Children born on this day may be restless, ambitious, and persevering. Boys are likely to rise rapidly in professional life.

Fuller's earth is used principally in bleaching, clarifying, or filtering fats, greases, and oils; it is not now much employed for tanning cloth, the use from which it obtained its name. It is also used in the manufacture of pigments for printing wall papers, for the detection of certain coloring matter in some food products, and as a substitute for talcum powder.

## Newport Society Aids Congressional Union



MRS. CHARLES DE L. OELRICHS.  
She is in charge of the suffrage banquet and fete to be given on July 31 at the Newport residence of Mrs. Belmont, and is one of the most prominent of the cause of votes for women, having been brought in line by Miss Isabelle Mott, suffrage worker, sent to Newport from the Congressional Union headquarters here. She provides of the affair will be divided between the Congressional Union and the children left destitute by the European war.

Changes in Personnel.  
The Department of Commerce announced yesterday the following changes in its personnel:

Newell B. Crain and John J. Lennon have been promoted from assistant messengers to clerks at \$200 each in the Bureau of Census.

Miss Martha M. Beesley has been provisionally appointed as clerk at \$200 in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce at Chicago.

In the Bureau of Standards, Frederick G. Frantz, laboratory helper at \$200, has been detailed from Northampton, Pa., to Washington, and William E. Wells has been appointed laborer at \$200 at Washington.

George E. Studley has been provisionally appointed as fireman at \$23 on the steamer Phalarope, of the Bureau of Fisheries.

A description of this says that seventy languages are spoken there. The many races mingle, but show no signs of commingling. The Car of Russia is said to rest on this place as a "pearl of the Russian crown."

## Dr. Marden's Uplift Talks.

UNDER FIRE.

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

In a very vivid and interesting description of his sensations under fire a British officer fighting in Northern France says, "There's a good deal of rot talked there about present. If it is all true, there are many millions of heroes in Europe. Just now, and I leave that to you, I've found it harder to go straight in life than to go under fire."

We are "under fire" all our lives, and the hero is the one who can keep straight on in spite of discouragements and disappointments, never slipping into crooked paths or losing one jot of heart or courage.

Recently a young musician in New York in a fit of despondency committed suicide. He was so poor that he had been obliged to pawn his violin. Terrified at his poverty and filled with fear at the possibility of not being able to redeem his beloved violin, which was a very rare one, the unfortunate youth went down under fire. He decided that life under such conditions was not worth living, and then there ended it.

We read daily in the newspapers of people, young and old, who commit suicide because of failure in business, loss of property, loss of friends, trouble in the home, disappointment in love, or a thousand and one reasons. But they may be summed up under the one head—discouragement. These people lose heart under fire. They throw down their weapons and give up the battle.

Discouragement is our greatest enemy. There are always plenty of people who see reasons why you will not succeed in your undertaking, who will tell you that it is impossible to overcome the obstacles in your way, and unless you have a sublime faith in yourself and a resolution which knows no retreat, which takes no backward steps, you are likely to be sidetracked. If you don't make your mind that, with God helping, there is nothing such as failure you will go down under fire.

Many a talented young artist has given up in despair because critics discouraged him, told him that he did not belong to any established school, and that if he did not follow the conventional rules of art, he would be laughed at. He did not realize that the man or woman who can blaze a new path is usually the one who attains distinction.

When Ole Bull first came to this country musical critics said he would make no great impression here. They predicted that his American debut would be a failure, because he was not in line with the laws of musical composition; that a certain violinist, popular at the time, was head and shoulders above him and that he would stand no chance in competition with him. That man's name, who was so technically perfect, is not known to the public today, while the name of Ole Bull is everywhere immortal in the hearts of American people. Wherever the famous violinist went people thronged to hear him. Even as a great teacher, he swayed his audience to tears or laughter, as he would. Ole Bull had a lofty soul that soared above rules. His emotions breathed through his violin and thrilled those who heard him. He had the power to project himself through his violin strings to his audience. They felt as he felt.

There was something about Ole Bull's playing which the critics could not measure or estimate. There was a divinity in it which eluded their analysis, something that was beyond the grasp of their beautiful voice, the splendid brain and faultless diction that bring fame to the orator; it is something behind all these, the soul quality, the sympathy, the personal magnetism behind his speech that makes the great orator.

The same thing is true of men in every calling. It is not always the man who is the best business brain, not the one with the greatest initiative and executive ability, not the one who has had the best education and training, but the man who has an indescribable something above all these external advantages, great as they are, which makes the particular lawyer, statesman, statesman, or business man a power among his fellows.

There may be in you that peculiar something which cannot be measured, estimated by critics or those who seek to discourage or hold you back which will make you stand out among your fellows as an individual, which will carry you past all obstacles if you only persevere. If you stick to your guns, if you persist under fire, you are a hero, and will win one way or another, you will give us the best.

There are many who are not so sure of themselves, who are not so sure of their own power, who are not so sure of their own ability, who are not so sure of their own strength, who are not so sure of their own courage, who are not so sure of their own faith, who are not so sure of their own hope, who are not so sure of their own love, who are not so sure of their own life.

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## HOUSE-WIVES DAILY ECONOMY CALENDAR

## BLACKBERRY LORE.

There are so many delicious ways of cooking blackberries that they can be made almost a daily part of the menu while they are in season; and as they are cheap, this daily usage will be found economical.

If you can get large, perfectly ripe blackberries, they are delicious simply washed, chilled on the ice and served with cream or cream and sugar.

Blackberry fritters are good, made in this way: Wash two cupsful of blackberries and spread them on a wire rack to dry. Then make a batter of two cupsful of milk, a tablespoonful of sugar, an egg, and a cupful of flour sifted with half a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix the batter in the batter and drop from a tablespoon into deep, hot fat. Cook golden brown and serve with lemon sauce.

For blackberry pie, make a rich crust and with it line a deep earthen or granite plate. Then cut a strip half an inch wide, wet one side and put it wet side down, around the edge of the crust in the plate. Sift together a rounded tablespoonful of flour with a scant half cupful of sugar and sprinkle this in the pie crust. Then fill with berries which have been washed and thoroughly drained and sprinkled with sugar. Cover with a top crust, pierced in three or four places with a silver fork. Press the rims of crust tight together and cover with a little white of egg, put on with a brush. Bake for about half an hour and serve warm or cold.

Any cake pudding—batter—cottage pudding, for instance—can be poured over a two-inch layer of blackberries in the bottom of a pudding dish. They should be sprinkled thickly with sugar and a little lemon juice may also be added. Then the cake batter is poured over and the whole baked brown and served with hard sauce or without any sauce.

Rice and blackberries can be made into molds and served cold with cream. To do this, stew the berries with a very little water and sugar and mash them. Then mix them with cooked rice, slightly salted, and put into molds. Chill and turn out to serve with cream.

Blackberry bread pudding is good. Simply mix two cupsful of blackberries into any bread pudding, using half a cupful less milk. When the pudding is baked solid, cover with a meringue, brown, and chill.

(Copyright, 1915.)

## TOMORROW'S MENU.

"One does not eat acorns when he has peaches."

BREAKFAST.  
Orange  
Omelet and Cream  
Eggs in Biscuits

Rolls  
Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER.  
Pimiento Fritters  
Toast  
Spice Cake

DINNER.  
Vegetable Soup  
Roasted Beefsteak  
French Fried Potatoes  
Cucumber Salad  
Peach Bread Pudding

Eggs in ramekins—Another delicious egg dish is prepared in individual ramekins. Butter them, and in the bottom of each put a couple of tablespoonsful of minced ham mixed with butter, salt, pepper, cream and as much bread crumbs as there is ham. Break an egg on the top of each, sprinkle with fine crumbs and brown in the oven.

Pimiento fritters—Drain canned pimientos and dry them as thoroughly as possible. In each press a little piece of cheese, and dredge with flour that has been seasoned with salt and pepper. Then cook in hot butter, on both sides, until the cheese begins to melt. Serve on pieces of hot buttered toast.

Peach bread pudding—Soak a pint of the bread crumbs in boiling water. Add half a cupful of sugar, two well beaten eggs and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Fill a buttered pudding dish with alternate layers of this bread mixture and sliced, sweetened peaches, having a layer of bread on the top and on the bottom of the dish. Bake slowly for fifty minutes in a moderate oven and serve it hot with sweetened cream.

Thirty thousand American settlers have entered Canada since the outbreak of the war. Immigration to the Dominion from Great Britain and Continental Europe has almost ceased since August.

Mrs. Taylor looked upon the new arrival as a windmill man who had talked himself to a standstill and wanted to be moved. She solved the mystery in five minutes. One of her melodramatic heroes had arrived. She had seen him on the stage, and that of all her heroes was the choice. He had killed the most outlaws and saved the most maidens. On the three nights she had seen him act he had given her a lesson in heroism that had been introduced she would certainly have fainted away with embarrassment. Had she been possessed of \$10,000 instead of \$100, she would have willingly given it for a small lock of his hair.

Farmer Taylor was troubled when he learned that his boy was and the wife shook her head and hoped that trouble would not come of it. The daughter was delighted, but did not make the situation known at once. In fact, she was a bit disappointed. Her hero didn't wear Buffalo Bill hair nor carry an arsenal of guns and knives, nor toy with a Winchester. He wasn't posing against cliffs nor shouting for the outlaws to come on. The summer suit he wore had seen better days, and his straw hat had not been rejuvenated while he waited. As her hero of the stage she had supposed that he lived on angels' food or something equally dainty, and she felt a bit provoked when he sat down to fried pork and other things and ate with the appetite of a hired man. Later on she found that he smoked a pipe, and that holes could be seen in his socks when he put on his run-down slippers.

Farmer Taylor knew a bit about human nature. He knew the difference between a hero on the stage and a man boarding at a farmhouse at \$4 a week and eating up his board.

He therefore warned his wife to let nothing, and he didn't warn Sybil at all. When the first week was up and the bill was coming, he gave her a lesson in the fact in a careless way—just as he would have remarked that the old spotted cow was giving quite as much milk as formerly. But for that careless observation Sybil must have that day surprised her hero by informing him that she had seen him play and was dying to become a great actress. She had her mind made up to it, but he had learned that he had not acquired up his board bill. She had never before thought of heroes in connection with board bills, and he had been promised that \$4 to buy a new pair of shoes with, and that altered the case.

A real hero would have gone "round the bend."

The splash of color essential to the beauty of the midsummer frocks finds expression in a model of white cotton crepe which is intersected with up-turned spots of embroidery in green and red tones.

As shown in the sketch, the skirt is full and flared at the hem to reveal a black velvet of the crepe encircled in a band of embroidery in green and red tones.

The entire blouse is made of novelty crepe, with the exception of the lower sleeves and vest, which are of lingerie fabric. In the ensemble the model is one of the most attractive for vacation wear.

Attractive gown for vacation use.



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## Children Cry for Fletcher's

## CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. H. H. Fletcher. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Dr. H. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## DAILY SHORT STORY

## A Vanishing Hero.

By IRVING LEWIS.

Farmer James Taylor had a daughter Sybil. If he had been a hero, he would have been called Mary Jane, after his mother, who had taken more prizes at the county fairs for the best ten yards of rascals than any other woman in Monroe County. His wife had insisted on the name Sybil, however, as she had found it in a weekly story paper and rather than have her own husband had let it go at that and always abbreviated the name to "Sib."

Sybil is a romantic name, and the girl grew up chock full of romance. When she was 12 years old she stood at the gate and hoped for a knight to come along. When she was 14 she wanted to be the young lady who jumped through hoops of fire at the circus. At 16 she went to the city and lived for two years with an aunt, and she returned to pastoral life more romantic than ever.

She wanted permission to go on the stage. She had been to the theater a dozen times and had become a hero worshiper. She did not know that her father revered them and looked up to them with awe. Senators, Judges, and millionaires were not in it compared to the hero of the melodrama, and indeed, she had seen a real hero in a real battle, and he had killed three or four outlaws to save a sunburned maiden.

"It's all darned nonsense and you can't go," was the father's answer. "You can't go on a stage to help me wash and bake and make soap and I can't spare you," was the mother's reply when appealed to.

Sybil had to put on a checked apron and go to work, but she held her romance and bided her time. It came one June day. While the farmer was in town, a new actor had come to the farm wagon. Augustus hadn't stated his profession, but was supposed by the farmer to be a wire-fence man, seeking work from his strenuous labors of convincing farmers that cattle rubbing against the bars improved 50 per cent over the old way. True, the stranger used many big words, and he had many gestures, but perhaps he represented a new brand of fence, and these characteristics were thrown in without extra cost.

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